

ADVISED A HAIR CUT

Henry Irving's Gently Humorous Reply to "Nervy" Begging Letter Writer.

"London is a true bohemia for the artist and man of the world," said Ernest Moore, an artist of the British capital, who is here painting the portrait of Ambassador Bryce.

"For that reason," he went on, "actors, journalists, and men of that type like to go there. They have a rattling good time. In their clubs they meet congenial spirits from everywhere. Henry Irving, whom I knew well, was always a friend of all these people. He was one of the kindest characters I ever knew, and he had a most remarkable memory. He would go to a hotel and learn the name of the porter who handled his luggage. He might not see the porter again for five years, but then he would remember his face and name and call out familiarly: 'Hello, John.' Once, when I was with him, he received a note from a man in Paris. The man said he had a remarkable resemblance to Sir Henry and had been accosted on the street time and time again. He asked what he should do to get rid of the people who pestered him, and incidentally asked for a loan of £5. Sir Henry took the time to sit down and write the man a note. He inclosed half a crown and advised the man to get his hair cut."—Washington Post.

HE WALKED.



Staylaught—I think walking is the best exercise. I'm a great walker myself.

Miss Weerie—Are you? I'd just awfully love to see you walk, don't you know?

SHERLOCK HOLMES AT FAULT.

Sherlock Holmes languidly drained the bubbling, hissing prussic acid—his last, most deadly habit.

"My wear Watson," he murmured, "my tie is crooked."

I started, as he knew I would.

"Now, Holmes," I said, "how can you be aware of that? You haven't put your hand to your tie for the last two hours, and there isn't a mirror anywhere in sight. You claim to have no supernatural gifts—in what way, then, can you possibly know that your tie is crooked?"

"That man over there," said Sherlock Holmes, calmly, "looked at my tie a moment ago, and then straightened his own tie with both hands."

"Wonderful!" I cried. "Amazing! Only, Holmes, your tie isn't crooked."

THE CANADIAN HABITANT.

The rural population of French Canada is unlike that of any other country. The habitant is the result of peculiar conditions.

Transplanted originally from the north of France, the stock has been modified and transformed by the environment of the new world. It retains the simplicity and poetic temperament of the old stock, combined with a measure of the vigor and self-reliance of pioneer life.

And, with it all, remarks a correspondent of the nation, in an appreciative tribute to the patois poetry of the late Dr. William Henry Drummond, the habitant remains to this day almost untouched by the influence of modern civilization, living his life in his own sufficient way, oblivious of many things that the rest of us think indispensable.

CORRECTLY INFORMED.

Hoax—Know that man on the corner?

Mars—No.

Hoax—Well, if you should ever form his acquaintance, beware of him. He is one of those men who treat a fellow and then make him pay for it.

Mars—You don't say!

Hoax—Fact. He's a physician.

—Home Magazine.

"MARIA THINGUMAJIG."

Foreign Names Bothered Americans in the Olden Days.

International marriages are, in these days of travel, more common than they used to be; but they were not unknown to our ancestors of a century ago, and were least rare, it seems, in some of the old seafaring families. Old-time sea captains made friends in many lands, and were occasionally accompanied on board by some adventurous daughter, eager, like Lord Bateman of the ballad, "far countries for to see." One such, who traveled as far as Russia, did not return; she remained there as the wife of a prosperous Russian merchant.

Her father's fellow-townsmen were naturally interested to hear all about the match on his return, says the Youth's Companion, but there was one important piece of information they never obtained; the bride's married name.

It was so unpronounceable that the good captain declined even to attempt it. He always spoke of his daughter as "my gal who married a furriner;" his mother called her "my granddarter over in Rooshy," and everybody else fell into the way of saying simply—and not at all jocularly—"Maria Thingumajig."

Another old sea captain had two charming girls who accompanied him to France, both of whom married Frenchmen. French is a less difficult tongue than Russian, but the old man's ear was not good, and the two brides, on their first visit home, were somewhat chagrined at the havoc he made with their names.

They had become Mme. Carrette and Mme. Le Boutillier; but he introduced them cheerfully to strangers as Mrs. Lee Bottles and Mrs. Carrots. They gently remonstrated against such a perversion of their names, but in vain; he could achieve nothing better until a compromise was reached, in accordance with which he ceased to try to pronounce them at all.

Therefore when an introduction became necessary, he presented "My darter, Mrs. Nancy B." or "My darter, Mrs. Polly C.," adding, genially, "and if ye want the full of her name in French, she'll tell ye on askin'." She speaks the language.

Seven Ages of the Chinese.

A French officer, Louis De Chantilly, tells of his discovery in a Buddhist convent in the mountains of Tonkin of a dusty manuscript containing the Chinese version of the seven ages of man.

"At ten years old," says the writer, whose name has long been forgotten, "the boy has a heart and a brain as soft as the tender shoots of a young bamboo. At 20 he is like a green banana; he is just beginning to ripen in warm rays of common sense."

"Thirty years sees him developed into a buffalo. He is strong and lusty, full of bodily and mental vigor. This is the true age of love; it is the age for him to marry at."

"At 40 years the prosperous man has grown to be a mandarin and wears a coral button. But it would be truly indifferent to confine to him at this early age any functions calling for judicial intelligence or calm."

When he reaches 50 years, however, although he has grown stout and fleshy, he is fit to hold any municipal or state office; he can administer a city or a province or perform any official duty.

"But at 60 years he is old. Handicraft and all active bodily activities are beyond him. He gives his dependents and clients advice. That is all he is fit for."

"At 70 he is just a dry straw. He has only one care—to husband the breath of life that is left in him, to preserve it, even by artificial means. His sons must assume the care of his estate and the performance of his duties."

Named Pills as Weapons.

An extraordinary duel, which at the time created an immense sensation, was one in which the decision was arrived at not by swords or pistols but by means of a deadly poison, says Pall Mall Gazette. The men, who, it is hardly necessary to say, had fallen out over a lady, had left the arrangements of details to their seconds, and until they faced each other they did not know by what method they were to settle their differences.

One of the seconds was a doctor, and he had made up for the occasion four black pellets, all identical in size and shape. "In one of these," he said, "I have placed a sufficient quantity of prussic acid to cause the almost instantaneous death of anyone who swallows it."

"We will decide by the toss of a coin which of you is to have first choice, and you will alternately draw and swallow a pill until the poison shows its effect." Two of the pellets were then taken as the toss had decided but without effect in either case.

"This time," said the doctor, speaking of the two pellets remaining, "you must both swallow the pill at the same instant." The choice was again made, and in a few seconds one of the men lay dead on the grass.

Married Man's Umbrella.

A clergyman has posted the following at the Leeds (Eng.) church institute: "As the gentleman who took the married man's umbrella (26-inch ribs) in exchange for a bachelor's umbrella (24-inch ribs) of the same pattern from the church institute on the afternoon of April 16 can have no possible use for it, he can come into possession of his own again by applying to the secretary."

COSMETIC BATHS OF 1830

Years Ago Women Sought Aids to Beauty as They Are Reputed to Do To-Day.

The following rules for cosmetic baths may be of interest to-day; they are taken from a ladies magazine published in Boston 75 years ago:

An aromatic bath—Take one or more of the following aromatic herbs: Balm, sweet basil, marjoram, hyssop, lavender, mint, or any other herb that has an agreeable scent; boil in a sufficient quantity of rain or river water for the space of three or four minutes; strain off the liquor, and add to it a little brandy or camphorated spirits of wine. This is said to be an excellent bath to strengthen the limbs; it removes pain, the consequence of cold, and promotes perspiration.

A cosmetic bath—Take two pounds of barley or meal, eight pounds of bran and a few handfuls of borage leaves. Boil these ingredients in a sufficient quantity of spring water. This bath cleanses and softens the skin in a superior degree.

An emollient bath for the feet—Boil in a sufficient quantity of water a pound of bran, with a few marsh-mallow roots, and two or three handfuls of mallow leaves.

CANNON BALLS OF STONE.

On either side of the entrance to the naval asylum on Gray's ferry road, is an immense stone sphere, measuring about 25 inches in diameter. There is a legend that these were used or intended for use in a Turkish mortar, "the largest piece of ordnance in the world."

These balls were given to the institution soon after its founding by Commodore J. D. Elliott, who obtained them during a cruise on the frigate Constitution in European waters. An inscription on one of the balls relates that they were obtained on the Asiatic side of the Dardanelles, and it is within the realms of possibility that the Turks may have intended them to serve as shot in a mortar. It is also more than probable that with sufficient power to project them the stones would have been badly shattered.

Commodore Elliott presented them in 1838, and ever since then they have ornamented the entrance and mystified curious visitors.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

JAPAN'S SEAWEED CROP.

One would hardly suppose that a person could get rich gathering seaweed. On the face, such an industry would seem as profitless as the extraction of gold from sea water.

Yet the income of Japan for seaweed each year amounts to \$2,000,000.

Entire towns upon the coast of Japan are devoted to this queer industry. Recently the government took up the cultivation of sea grasses, offering prizes for the best method of increasing the yield and for producing iodine from sea plants.

The coarser varieties of sea grass are stewed in soups; other kinds are used in the manufacture of glue, plaster and starch.

Farmers living near the coast use the coarse, ropy kelp for fertilizing their land, with good results.

FATHERLY SOLICITUDE.



Miss McFlimsy—Papa, I must have \$500 at once; I have positively nothing to wear.

Mr. McFlimsy—Does your mother know you're out?

CLEVER AT THAT.

"Who is that seedy-looking man over there?"

"That's Borroughs. He's a real master at constructing short stories."

"Oh, an author, eh?"

"No, I mean he's a master at any number of ways to keep his brother."

HAD POOR IDEA OF FUN

Messenger Boy's "Joke" in This Case Was Connected with Working Recoil Attachment.

A boy who was until recently employed as a messenger at one of the local telegraph offices has an overweening sense of humor, says the Duluth News-Tribune. It is of the penetrating type, which nearly always furnishes the laugh for him alone and regrets for the other fellow. In fact, he recently left the employ of the company rather unceremoniously because of it. Business was dull one day and, overcome by ennui, the boy in question went to the telephone. He called up the home of one of the other employees and asked for the latter's mother.

"I am awfully sorry to have to tell you, Mrs. Blank," he said, "but your son was just run over and had his leg cut off."

Then he hung up. Fortunately the conversation was overheard and the frantic woman quickly reassured.

"Why did you do it?" asked the manager.

"Just for fun."

"Well, I know something funnier than that," said the manager. "You get out of here just for fun and don't come back, just for fun or anything else."

DAYS OF WHALING GONE.

"Newfoundland's coastwise whale fishery, of which so much was expected, has utterly collapsed," writes Consul Cornelius at St. Johns. "Started about ten years ago, with modern steamers and equipment, the first operators did so well that from a single ship it grew to 17. The result was the speedy killing out of the herds of gigantic mammals, 1,500 of which were destroyed in a single year. Gradually, however, the catch fell off, and within the past year six or seven of the steamers have been sold for similar work on the British Columbia and Japanese coasts, while the companies owning them have gone into liquidation. During the season of 1907 it is not expected that there will be more than seven or eight whalers operating in all."

TOLD OF SECRETARY ROOT.

When Secretary Root was at Panama on his return from South America, Gov. Magoon gave him a dinner, at which were present various dignitaries. An invited banker who failed to appear called next day with explanations. A birth had occurred just at that time in his family, by which another girl had been added to six predecessors.

"Too bad it was not a boy," said Gov. Magoon, "you might have called him Elihu Root."

"Oh," said the father, "we had decided to call him that if the child had been a boy. But not being able to call the child exactly that, I shall call her Routine."

ARCTIC PHENOMENA.

One of the peculiar phenomena of the Arctic regions is "sea smoke." Explorers tell of a steam as if from a boiling kettle which rises from the water when the temperature is 15 degrees below zero. At 40 degrees the snow and human bodies emit this vapor, which changes into tiny icy particles which fill the air and make a light noise like the rustle of silk. At 40 degrees tree trunks burst with a loud report, rocks break up and streams of smoking water flow from great cracks in the earth's surface, knives break in cutting butter and lighted cigars go out by contact with the ice upon the beard.

PREACHES NEW CREED.

Benjamin Fay Mills, the well known evangelist, is leaving the orthodox pulpit because its teachings are not aggressive enough to suit him. He now is preaching what he terms a "doctrineless doctrine." He is establishing a new church in Edendale, which lies in the San Fernando valley, in California. Mr. Mills has worked in every large city in America. He graduated at Lake Forest university, Illinois. He calls his creed the fellowship.

BUSINESS GOOD.

"Our little town is booming," said Sububs, proudly; "down in our business section I heard a couple of traveling salesmen talking about it very enthusiastically."

"Yes?" said Citiman. "What line were they in?"

"Well—er, one was selling drugs and the other funeral supplies."

ALL CLEAR TO MANDY

Why She Was Positive Rejected Suiitor Had Purloined One of Her Shirt Waists.

The other evening over a dinner some southerners were swapping stories, and it was a big lumberman who is responsible for this yarn. "Colored folks are naturally superstitious, and many of them down our way believe that a dead black cat buried in a waist of Mandy's will bring Mandy's affections around to the undertaker. As a consequence of this idea one of our justices had a colored man brought before him accused of stealing Mandy's waist. There was no evidence to prove his guilt, so Mandy was asked to explain."

"Well, judge," she said, "it's jes lak dis. Dat nigga been 'round afta me tebbile long time, but I doan care for dat nigga, tell one day I goes long de potato patch an' I done ketch my toe in an ole waist dug down in de ground, an' a black cat buried in it, judge. 'Twas my waist I see."

"Here Mandy paused, as if her evidence was complete."

"Well," asked the justice, "how does that prove he stole it?"

"Why, judge, doan you see?" exclaimed Mandy, impatiently. "Ever since then I got a leenin' toward dat nigga."

A HOLE IN THE SKY.



Caddy (to Jones, who has lofted one higher than usual)—Ah, sir, if there was only a hole up there you'd ha' holed out in one.

MAKING THINGS EASY.

It was hard to speak a disheartening word to the smiling Irish maid who seemed so eager to secure the situation, but even at the end of three days spent in employment offices Mrs. Gregg's sense of justice was keen.

"I cannot let you come thinking you are to have an easy place," she said, with wistful earnestness, "for it isn't. There are five of us and there's a great deal to do."

"Oh, but you don't know me, ma'am," said the dauntless maid. "I can make anny place I take aisy by jist layin' out a little wurk here an' a little wurk there, ma'am."

"I that's all that's troublin' you you've no need to considher it at all!"—Youth's Companion.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH ROADS.

In England it is almost impossible to attain speed with safety in motoring. The roads twist and turn and the walls and hedges prevent the driver's seeing what there is beyond a curve. An average pace of 25 miles an hour is fairly good time in England.

Of course the country is settled much more thickly than France, which adds to the danger of speeding. Speed laws are enforced with severity in England, but if you will try the mettle of your motor, cross the channel. In France the road is yours.—Travel Magazine.

MAKING GAS FROM PEAT.

Among the varied uses of peat that for the production of gas is perhaps the least known. It has been used for this purpose, however, for the last 30 years in the steel works of Notala, in Sweden. From 13,000 to 16,000 cubic yards of peat are thus used yearly. It costs rather more than coal gas, but has the advantage of containing scarcely any sulphur or phosphorus. In several places in Europe peat gas is used for heating and in glass melting furnaces.

EASY!

"What would you do if you were in my place?" asked the government clerk of a friend.

"Why, I'd simply draw my salary just as you do!" was the reply.

RED SHIRT AN ACCIDENT

Uniform Made Popular by Garibaldi Was Not the Result of Pre-arranged Plan.

The most popular uniform of its day—perhaps of any day—in Europe was the Garibaldi shirt, whose prosaic origin was little suspected by its adorers. In a note to Mr. Trevelyan's Garibaldi's Defense of the Roman Republic, this origin is explained by Admiral Winnington-Ingram, who was in Montevideo in 1846, when and where the uniform was first assumed: "Its adoption was caused by the necessity of clothing as economically as possible the newly-raised Garibaldi legion. A liberal offer having been made to the government to sell at reduced prices a stock of red woolen shirts that had been intended for the Buenos Ayres market—now closed through the blockade—it was thought to good a chance to be neglected, and the purchase was therefore effected. These goods had been intended to be worn by those employed in the Saladeros, or great slaughtering and salting establishments for cattle at Ensenada and other places in the Argentine provinces, as they made good winter clothing, while by their color they disguised in a measure the bloody work the men had in hand."—London T. P.'s Weekly.

WORLD'S TALLEST WOMAN.

A charming and kindly disposition is hidden beneath the somewhat impassive demeanor of Marie Fasnauer, the world's tallest giantess. Marie has lately arrived in London, and is now appearing at a variety hall in the West End. Standing eight feet high, she claims to be the tallest woman in the world.

She has expressed a desire to devote a large portion of her salary to charity, and, being passionately fond of children, she employs nearly all her spare time in knitting stockings, gloves and mittens for the little boys and girls of her native village in Tyrol.

Hereditary tendencies perhaps account to some extent for the abnormal growth of this Tyrolean giantess. Her grandfather was a giant, although her brothers and sisters, on the other hand, are all of normal proportions. Curiously enough, Marie ceased to grow when she was 15 years of age; she is now 27, and is extremely intelligent.

The appetite of Marie is quite as remarkable as her size. Her first English breakfast consisted of 14 boiled eggs, three pints of tea, two ounces of butter and half a dozen rolls.

ELEPHANT FERRY.

One of the strangest ferries in the world is to be found in India. A Hindoo chanced to save the life of a prince, and as a reward received one of the largest elephants in the royal stables. But this honor caused the recipient much anxiety, as the animal's appetite was too great for the owner to satisfy. The Hindoo's house stood near a turn in the river, where many people crossed, and as the stream was at times a raging flood, boats and men were often carried out of their course. On one occasion when the elephant was in bathing in the river, it suddenly occurred to the owner to use the animal as a ferryboat. A harness was made for the elephant with a long rope as a trace, which was fastened to a heavy boat. The latter, with loaded passengers, was successfully towed over the river, and since that time the animal has been a source of profit to his owner.

JUST THE SHADE.

The crafty old farmer was getting up his summer advertisement to lure the unwary boarder from the city.

"And now about the sky," he said as he put on the finishing touches; "should I say it is as blue as azure or blue as ultramarine?"

The press agent for the wandering minstrel troupe grinned. "Just say it is as blue as the boarders when they leave in the fall, old man, and you'll hit it to a dot."

AUTHOR BUILDS OWN TOMBS.

Gabriel d'Annunzio, the famous Italian dramatist, is busy overseeing the construction of his own sepulchral monument, which is being carried out by the head architect of the Florence cathedral. The tomb is to be erected by the source of the river Arno, so prominent in